

Reflections

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Reflections

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This story contains spoilers for 'Asylum'.

REFLECTIONS

I think I'm falling in love with you. There I've said it, admitted it to myself and that's something, even if I never tell you how I feel and I won't, couldn't bear to have you turn away from me just as I'm beginning to think that you actually trust me.

When you came running into the consulate yelling my name I was so happy. Why? Because you'd come to me. There's a whole city full of people out there and yet you came to me - I'll never forget that.

I would have put everything on the line for you Ray and if you had been guilty... but no, you would never do anything like that.

How easy it would have been to have told you how I felt that last night in the consulate. Only you would think of running off into the night in order to prove your innocence at the risk of losing your liberty. I told you you were my partner, my friend, that I believed in you, if only I could have told you that I loved you.

I couldn't bear to see you hurting, doubting yourself. I must admit I got a lot of pleasure out of watching Cahill squirm when he was trying to arrest you and when he grabbed Inspector Thatcher, or the Ice Queen as you insist on calling her, I was more worried about you than her, worried that you'd do something impulsive.

That is your greatest failing Ray, that you don't think things

through. Take the way you fled the scene after Volpe was killed. It made you a prime suspect - exactly what Cahill wanted.

But at least it all ended well and I feel closer to you now, I hope you feel the same way. You are not just a substitute for Ray Vecchio, not to me, you never were. You're the man I love, the only one I've ever loved and I would do anything for you, except tell you how I feel.

So that's it really, my only regret about this whole affair is that you're no longer staying at the consulate but I manage to see you every day and that's enough - for now.

I don't think I ever said sorry for punching you, I meant to but then we got involved in that whole pirate thing and apologies went out of the window. It was during that case, we thought it was going to be our last, when you did that buddy breathing thing, when I asked you why you said it was because I seemed to need it. I know you were giving me air Fraser but sometimes I like to think that there was more to it.

Okay so we nearly died trapped in that boat but we came out of it stronger than ever and while I've always trusted you I was never sure that you trusted me. I know now you do Fraser, I know you believe in me. I guess Cahill did us a favour cos now we're closer friends than ever before. I feel comfortable with you Fraser, like I could tell you anything - well almost anything.

Cos there's one thing I won't ever tell you, can't tell you how your smile makes me go weak at the knees, can't tell you that I love you, that I want you, that half of the problems we've had are cos I can't let you know how I really feel. I always thought that pushing you away was the right thing to do, I know now it wasn't and I'm sorry, so sorry but I don't tell know how to tell you that. I'm Ray, I don't wear my heart on my sleeve, never have and never will.

God I'm bored, sitting here on the most unproductive stakeout ever. I wish you were here even if it meant I had to listen to one of those stupid Innuist stories you're so keen on.

Finally! Huey and Duey are pulling up behind me. I can leave, go check in with Welsh and then I guess I'll go home, do some more thinking about you. Jeez I wish I could think of an excuse to drop in at the consulate. It was nice living there even given the circumstances, could even put up with Turnbull and his curling obsession as long as it meant having you close.

Welsh is closeted in his office with some guy from the justice department so I sit down at my desk to wait. Fran's not around which kinda surprises me but then since I've been on stakeout duty all day there wouldn't be any reason for you to drop by.

I'm counting the cracks on the ceiling when I hear your voice, I don't respond, afraid that I'll look too eager, afraid that you'll guess something's wrong.

"Ray. Ray. Ray. Ray."

I've lost count of the number of times you've done that and smiling I swing my feet off the desk and stand up. There you are Fraser, you're

smiling but... well I know I'm not the most intuitive guy in the world but can I actually see a flicker of indecision in your beautiful blue eyes?

You're coming towards me, your Mountie uniform immaculate as always and suddenly my mouth is bone dry, my palms are sweating, jeez I feel like a kid on his first date.

"Frase," I tilt my head and look at you, gods but you're beautiful.

"Ray, Inspector Thatcher gave me the evening off and I wondered, well obviously I won't be offended if you have other plans.."

"Spit it out Frase."

"I was wondering if you'd like to have dinner with me tonight?"

I grin, you sound so unsure of yourself and there's a blush stealing up your face.

I wonder... Casually so it'll look almost accidental I reach across and touch your hand where it's resting on my desk. Can't believe I'm doing this especially here in the precinct. Your fingers twitch but you don't pull away from me, instead your eyes lock with mine and I gasp. There's no mistaking the emotion on your face, the desire in your eyes and I know you can see the same in my eyes.

"Fraser..."

I think my heart stopped beating for a while, how can one simple touch produce such a reaction? When your fingers brushed mine I felt like someone had put a thousand volts through my body. I know the touch was an accident but I couldn't stop myself from looking at you even though I knew there was no way you wouldn't see my true feelings. So I looked up, expecting to see you shrink away from me, to see disgust on your face, to hear you turn down what was as a matter of fact a totally innocent dinner invitation.

What I saw instead was a flicker of desire deep in your eyes, it was gone the next moment and I would have thought that I'd imagined it except you said my name, a question hanging in the air between us, a question that I could have left unanswered.

"Ray." I put my heart into my voice and you smile at me, that cheeky heartstopping grin that I can't resist. I want to say so much to you but not here, it's too public. The closet, that's the only place we can go and I wonder how to suggest it to you but I can see the understanding on your face, know that the same idea has occurred to you and as one we start walking.

You're walking just far enough away from me so that we don't touch, so that to anyone watching it will appear that nothing has changed between us but it has, for better or for worse I'm not sure. The anticipation, the fear churning my stomach is making me feel sick, I never realised before how long it takes to walk across this office.

"Thank you kindly." You're holding the door open for me but my legs are shaking so much I can hardly walk through it.

You're grinning, laughing at my sudden loss of control and with an affectionate hand on the small of my back you push me inside, pulling the door closed behind you and the darkness enfolds us.

We're standing in silence, I can hear your breathing and I struggle to think of something to say but for once all my resources seem to have deserted me.

"You know Ray in many ways this reminds me of..." I expected to be interrupted, you've done it enough times in the past but never like this. Your lips swoop onto mine and I reach out blindly pulling you closer to me, pressing my body against yours.

I can't help myself, I force my tongue into your mouth, groaning with pleasure and I feel your wiry body quivering in response. It is with difficulty that I pull myself away from you, I am not rejecting you, your touch, but we should talk. My father always said that in order to have a good relationship you first need a firm foundation and that's what I want for us, a firm foundation. We have our friendship but I don't want to risk this, don't want to lose you Ray, not ever.

"Whadya want to know Fraser?" Your voice is mocking but I can hear the affection there, the love?

"Are you sure about this Ray?"

"I know how I feel about you." Those words make me so happy, I don't think I've ever felt more alive than I do right now.

"Thank you."

You reach out your hand, touch my cheek and overwhelmed I catch hold of your hand enveloping each sensitive finger in turn with my mouth, this is my thanks.

"There's just one thing I need to know," I can hear the catch in your voice, the edge of fear, "did you ever feel like this about Vecchio? Did you ever kiss him? Look at him like you look at me?"

Oh Ray.

I'm listening so hard my ears hurt, waiting for your response. I know what I want you to say, that you and Vecchio were just friends but I also know that wanting something doesn't make it happen, learnt that lesson a long time ago. I can't see your face but I know the instant you open your mouth to speak and my body tenses.

"Ray Vecchio was a good friend, we went through a lot together and I miss him." I realise I'm not breathing. "But I never felt about him the way I feel about you."

Now I can breathe, you reach out one hand and our fingers twine together.

"Ray I.."

I don't know what you're going to say but I interrupt anyway. "Fraser call me Stan from now on."

"Stan?" You try the name out. "But I thought you hated being called Stan."

"Not by you," I know you can hear the catch in my voice, know that you understand why I want you to call me by a name that I've never liked.

"I've never thought of you as a Ray Vecchio substitute." He's read my mind, odd the way he can do that.

"Not ever?"

"Not once."

I know you're smiling and I am too. I want to seal this moment with a kiss but a sudden flood of light makes me blink as Lieutenant Welsh pulls the closet doors open.

"Ah Lieutenant Welsh," your recovery is fast but it's me who realises we're still holding hands.

"Constable." Then Welsh looks at me, I'm trying to work my fingers loose but the damn Mountie won't let go. "Didn't your shift end a half hour ago?"

"Yes it did sir but Constable Fraser dropped by and wanted my advice about something."

"What?"

"It's a rather delicate matter." You speak up now but I can see that Welsh isn't convinced.

"Go home Vecchio and stop cluttering up my closets."

I sidle past Welsh, walk over to my desk to collect my jacket, all the time conscious of you.

We leave the precinct together and no one bats an eyelid. Of course they don't, they don't see that anything's changed between us, it's just Vecchio and the Mountie, same as always.

We get to my car but I can't remember where I put my keys. I'm searching every pocket when you put a hand on my shoulder.

"Stan." So you've got my keys. I grab them off you but my hands are shaking so much that I can't get them into the lock and I'm in serious danger of scratching the paintwork.

Your gentle hands close over mine and suddenly my whole body's shaking, what in hell's wrong with me?

"Do you want me to drive?"

I nod, "yeah Frase."

You smile, tilt your head to one side in that endearing manner of yours. "It's brake, gas right Stan?"

I don't really hear what you're saying and somehow I manage to stumble around to the other side of the car.

We're both inside now, both wearing seatbelts, I know by now how you feel about that and you ask me where I want you to take me.

"Home." I don't think about the implications, don't think that when we get to my apartment and I invite you in you'll hesitate. Never would have done before but in those few moments as you start the engine I can't remember if you've ever been in my apartment before, I certainly can't remember if I bothered to clean up this morning. Look at what you've done to me Fraser, I can't even think straight anymore.

Suddenly I remember something, "you want to go out to dinner."

You shake your head. "I think we need a little bit of privacy at the moment."

I nod stupidly in agreement, my heart's beating so hard I'm surprised it doesn't burst out of my chest. Privacy for what?

It's hard to concentrate on driving with you by my side. You're shaking like a leaf and I just want to put my arms around you, tell you that everything's all right, that you don't need to be frightened, not anymore.

The words stick in my throat, you look so vulnerable all of a sudden. Asking me to call you Stan showed me just how vulnerable you are, how much you need to know that it's you I love, you I want. And it is, I want to shout it to the world.

We're here. I feel almost disappointed that this drive is over. I hate parking your car, can never seem to judge its width properly and I'm waiting for you to make an acerbic comment about my lack of skill but you don't say a word. "Ra.. Stan," I manage to remember the new name I must call you by when we're alone together.

You look at me, blue eyes full of doubt and I'm worried that I've let things go too far, that I should have kept my feelings to myself.

"We'll get pizza." Your hand is on the door and I realise that you're inviting me in.

I smile and you respond in kind. I want to take your hand but something stops me. I have to open the door to your apartment, you're still shaking.

You pick up the phone, "what toppings Fraser?"

"Blubber and lichen," I tell you and there it is, that grin.

"... and pineapple." The emphasis makes me smile and I watch as you reluctantly drop the phone. I know why because now it's just the two of us and we'll have to talk.

"Sit down Fraser." You break the silence first and I obediently sink down into an armchair. You remain standing, one hand raking through your blonde hair until it's standing on end and your blue eyes are

unfocused. I don't know what you're thinking, usually I can make pretty shrewd guesses but not now.

You take a step forward, towards me then bend over. I watch in fascination as you remove your boots, can't take my eyes off your arse, your legs, your arms, your hands.

Your boots gone you look at me, there's a smile hovering on your lips and then a little awkwardly, I guess you've never done this before, you curl yourself onto my lap. I put my arms around you and hold your trembling body, breathing in your scent. It intoxicates me and I can't help myself, I bend my head, run my tongue across the line of your jaw, tasting you.

"Fraser what are we doing?" Your eyes are full of doubt.

"Do you want to be with me, like this?" You don't answer. "Stan?"

"Yes I do. I actually do." You're grinning at me and as though to show you mean it you kiss me. Your lips are so soft, so warm, I could kiss you for ever. Your hands I think are on my shoulders, in my hair but I am barely conscious of anything but the kiss. Your tongue in my mouth, restless, on the move, I hear a groan and know it's coming from my throat. There's a knock on the door but you don't stop kissing me.

"No. No interruptions Frase."

"Pizza," I manage to gasp between kisses and reluctantly you pull yourself off me.

"Pizza, right."

I'm searching my pockets for money, the pizza guy's waiting impatiently and you, your dark hair tousled and your jacket crooked stand up and hand the guy a twenty.

He's gone, the door is closed and I'm staring at you, can't quite believe you're standing here in my apartment, taking off your jacket, asking where the plates are.

It reminds me of just a few days ago when you went and rescued my files - when you started to undress in front of me at the consulate I didn't know where to put my eyes, afraid that if I stared too hard you'd realise something was up. I grab a piece of pizza realising how hungry I am. You take it off me, put it onto a plate and hand it back. I grin, Cahill was right, your manners are quaint but I love them, just like I love you.

Can you hear my thoughts? Fascinated I watch you eat, wondering if I should offer you a fork, a napkin perhaps. 'Cept I don't have any napkins.

So we're both eating, both wondering what's gonna happen next. Where do we go from here? I've never done this before and I guess you haven't either. Don't wanna rush things, don't wanna make you think I'm not interested, don't wanna mess this up.

THE END (for now)

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file.